

## The Critic

Published weekly, at 743 Broadway, New York, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, JUNE 25, 1887.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at *The Critic* office, No. 743 Broadway. Also, by Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, E. P. Dutton & Co., Brentano Bros., and the principal news-dealers in the city. Boston: Damrell & Upham (Old Corner Book-store). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Washington: Brentano Brothers. Chicago: Brentano Bros. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. San Francisco: Strickland & Pierson. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galimani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli. Rome: Office of the Nuova Antologia.

### A Few Reminiscences of Thackeray.

MANY years ago I had the pleasure of occasionally meeting Mr. Thackeray in New York, at the rooms of the Century Club, at that time in Clinton Place. This Club, of which I was an early member, was then confined to one hundred persons—whence its name—and was largely composed of artists, amateurs and literary men. The distinguished novelist, when there, was always in some corner surrounded by a crowd, and a mere introduction to him was all I could at first expect.

One evening I remember his leaving the Club rooms at an early hour for him, for he often staid late, and seemed to enjoy these hours with the zest of a younger man. There had been a good deal of light talk and fun, in which he joined, in his quiet way. And as he was going I recollect his tall commanding figure, his gold-rimmed spectacles, and his white silky hair, as he stood near the door, and turning lifted his arms and spread his hands with a playful air of benediction, saying 'Well—good night boys: receive an old man's blessing.' It was with regret we saw him leave, for it need not be said how heartily he was welcomed among us, and what new life his conversation gave to these gatherings at the Club rooms.

And another evening I often recall, when he was a guest at a party of artists, at the studio of Mr. Thomas Hicks, then in White Street. It was a pitiless wild night in mid-winter, with a driving snow-storm which prevented some of the invited guests at a distance from coming. But the studio was full in spite of the weather. It was too rare a chance of meeting Thackeray to be missed. There were greetings as warm as the large but cosy room we met in; and we all felt as free in our little circle as the winds that roared outside. And how they roared! But who can describe the blithe spirits, the fun, the frolic of that night? Our host did everything in the way of hospitality a not very rich artist-host could do. We had punch and cigars, of course: was there ever an artist's entertainment without them? But these were only an accompaniment to the talk, the stories, the songs, and the general festivity, in which the walls of ceremony were levelled, and the soul of congenial companionship exalted. There was no piano. But one of the painters brought his guitar, and trilled dainty sentimental songs, which seemed to hit the fancy of our distinguished fellow-guest. By and by he himself was persuaded to sing. He had no voice as a singer—but how uniquely he did his part! He sang us his own rare ballad, 'Little Billee,' without accompaniment, to a quaint melody which was only half a tune, and every verse was greeted with roars of laughter; and after that he gave us 'Who loves not Wine, Woman and Song?' in which all joined who had voices. I have pleasure in recording this night's entertainment as a perfectly decorous and sober one, however convivial. Of course we separated late, but I can remember no one who mistook his neighbor's arctics, overcoat and umbrella for his own, as we plunged out of the light into the spectral darkness and the storm, on our way to our respective homes.

It was some years afterwards (1855) that I met Mr. Thackeray in London. Mr. J. R. Lowell, Mr. W. W. Story, and the writer of this sketch were spending the evening at Mr. Russell Sturgis's. Thackeray was there, and invited us three to dine with him next day at the Garrick Club house. This house was, I believe, frequented, or had been at one time, by actors. If I remember it was decorated from top to bottom with portraits of distinguished gentlemen and ladies of the stage, dating a long way back. It had a cosy and comfortable look. We, however, saw none of the Club members. Our dinner was simple but excellent, and was spiced by our host's conversation. But it was our after-dinner experience that I chiefly recall. After we had risen from the table, Thackeray said: 'Come—let's adjourn to the Cider Cellar.' I immediately began to conjecture what sort of a place this Cider Cellar might be. Was it another cellar of Auerbach, and should we meet Faust and Mephistopheles? We left the Club rooms, and a short distance off entered a house where we were conducted, not to a cellar, but to a very plainly furnished but comfortable parlor on the second floor. Here our host ordered some punch and cigars, and while we were enjoying this pleasant post-prandial luxury, Thackeray said: 'By the way, have you seen the last number of "The Newcomes"?' We said we had not. 'Then,' said Thackeray, 'I should very much like to read you some of it. It is just out.'

We all of course expressed an eager pleasure in this opportunity of hearing him read anything from his own books. Whereupon he summoned a waiter, and said: 'Here, waiter—here's a shilling—I want you to go out and buy for me the last number of "The Newcomes." It was soon brought; and Thackeray began to read, and read for an hour, I should think, in his quiet half-plaintive voice, some of the closing scenes in this novel. We were all deeply interested. I think the last page he read described the death-bed of Col. Newcome. As he closed we thanked him cordially, and Mr. Lowell begged for the number from which he had read, that he might keep it as a souvenir of this delightful afternoon. I have recorded this meeting exactly as it occurred—as there has been another version published, not quite correct. Thackeray's reading had a charm peculiar to itself. It recalled his appearance as a lecturer in New York some years before, when he gave us those delightful chapters on the 'English Humorists,' which are still just as delightful in print. His delivery was perfectly simple and unambitious of effect, and stood in marked contrast in this respect to that of Mr. Dickens.

He had hardly got through his reading from 'The Newcomes,' and our thoughts were all full of the pathos of the closing scenes, and toned by his artless rendering of it, when a door opened, and in rushed half-a-dozen young men—artists and small authors, I think—who in a boisterous way surrounded him, and gave vent to all sorts of small shallow talk in a free and familiar style of manners—all of which jarred on my feelings. I began to remember that Thackeray had these two sides to him, the thoughtful, the tender, the purely literary, and—well, call it the Bohemian. For he seemed to be on intimate terms with this noisy matter-of-fact crew, and I could not notice that their irruption into the room had any jarring effect upon him.

I remember that my two friends and I very soon took our leave; for we found nothing at all edifying in the chatter of these young Philistines, and we did not want to have the effect of the previous hour disturbed by such an uncongenial breeze, and decline upon any lower range of feeling than we had been enjoying.

I think it was three years later that I met Thackeray again, in Paris, where I was then residing. But I saw him only a few times—once in Story's studio, once in my own, and once when I called to see him in his lodgings in the Rue de Rivoli. And the last time I ever saw him was in the crowded Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, just before I was to leave for Rome in the autumn of 1858. I told him I was

going to Rome. 'Lucky fellow!' he exclaimed; 'I wish I were going with you.' We merely shook hands, each going his own way, and I never saw him again.

This is not much to record. How many others could open whole budgets of reminiscences of him! But it has always been a great deal to me; and even so imperfect a record may be interesting to those who value his character and his works.

C. P. CRANCH.

### Reviews.

#### Mahaffy's Story of "Alexander's Empire."\*

THE jaunty cricketer, dead-shot, salmon-fisher, pedestrian, and essayist on 'The Decay of Preaching,' withal a Doctor of Divinity and Professor of Greek, finds in 'Alexander's Empire' a congenial theme on which to lavish the fruits both of cloister-study and outdoor sight. Like Prof. Jebb, who correlates the ancient classics with phenomena of today's newspaper, Prof. Mahaffy links the events of Alexander's era with the latest telegrams relating to Herat and Candahar. His book is thoroughly modern. The Greeks of Macedon did indeed wear tunics, and drilled in phalanxes, and yet we feel as if we knew them personally. Mahaffy refuses to be taken in by old chroniclers and writers whose acquaintance with their figures never came by actual count. He goes right behind so-called authorities, and asks questions, compelling the quartermaster in the field and the penman in the library to tally. His pages are good correctives to Pinnock's Goldsmith's Greece, which we, with so many other youth, swallowed without salt. Alexander appears before us as a man up to the latest ideas, equipped with artillery having a range of three hundred yards, and as an expert with heavy cavalry. Almost every chapter bristles with modern instances or comparisons, and one enjoys a series of delightful little shocks, as if belted with a voltaic apparatus. Names of places even, as fossil and cold as stone coal, burn and crackle and diffuse as we read a genial glow that is as refreshing as a grate fire on some June days in 1887. Who would have thought that 'Candahar' is but the fossilized form of 'Alexander?' Yet so it is. Over the fragments of the empire of Alexander, Russia and England still squabble. The modern political edifices of this century, like the house walls of the East, built of the mosaics, statues, tablets and rubble of the glorious past, are composite. With the delight of the trained scholar, who sees what is invisible to uncultivated eyes, Professor Mahaffy points out to us these relics of the past imbedded in the political and social fabrics of our time. While doing this, he does not neglect thorough exploitation of the sublime and splendid achievements of Alexander and his successors. At home with the last new Greek coin dug up in the Punjab or the Delta, he is equally happy in picturing 'The Golden Age of Hellenism,' 'Science and Letters at Alexandria in the Days of Philadelphus,' 'The New Lines of Philosophy,' 'The Last Syrian War,' 'The Influence of Hellenism on Rome,' and kindred topics. No public speaker who loves to illuminate his eloquence with ancient lamps and oil will be in the place of the foolish virgins if he reads this book. To the minister, the rich sidelights thrown upon the texts of Saint Paul will make his wise exposition and application of them glow before his hearers with new power. The references to the Galatians (pages 78 and 79) and to Tarsus and the Stoics (page 106) are notably fine; while the studies of the various systems of Greek philosophy, each as clear-cut as a cameo, form a superb basis on which to consider 'the wisdom of God as wiser than men's.' Print, paper, binding, maps, plans, illustrations, indexes, are all that could be desired, and good as are some of the other volumes in this series, in many respects this last 'excelleth them all.' We confess to a weakness for a book made as

much by visual examination and study out of doors, as by conning sheepskins and papyrus rolls in libraries.

#### "The Yoke of the Thorah."\*

IF SIDNEY LUSKA has made a success with his first efforts, it is largely because he aims only for the best kind of success, and is satisfied only with that which means that he has done good work. When 'As It Was Written' appeared, it seemed not impossible that here was a young writer destined to fight down realism with psychology. When 'Mrs. Peixada' came, we were surprised at the versatility of a psychologist who could devote himself to working out the practical details of a murder story. Now that we have 'The Yoke of the Thorah,' we feel still more strongly that the author's gift lies in his ability to mingle realism with romanticism, commonplace detail with psychology, outward simplicity of fact with inward strife of feeling. It is perhaps the greatest merit of the book, that it is realistic. It is the story of people who might easily exist—who do ordinary things, eat ordinary dinners, and go to walk in Central Park. But it is almost as great a merit that we are not left completely to the mercies of realism. We are made, not merely to look, but to criticise; not merely to see the hero eat, but to see him suffer; not merely to see him suffer, but to understand what made him suffer. We are not only permitted to see life, but made to comprehend it. The book begins with a date and ends with a sentence from the daily papers. These are trifles; but they afford a clew to the author's deference to realism, and help us to understand, not that the tragedy which precedes the newspaper sentence is a commonplace matter, but that behind the most commonplace newspaper sentence may lurk the direst tragedy.

The yoke of the Thorah is the tremendous pressure brought to bear on the sensitive soul of a young man of Jewish birth and training. The problem turns on his marriage with a Christian. The intense hatred of his race for such a marriage gives Mr. Harland a strong situation; and he so treats it as to bring out, not merely the question of race differences, but the question of heredity and an environment of superstition. A less skilful story-teller would have let the young Jew fall in love with a Christian and go through long agonies in making up his mind whether to marry or to abandon her. Mr. Harland lets him have no scruples at all. He engages himself at once to Christine, defying all his inherited prejudices and the warning of the Rabbi, his uncle. But the unconscious influence of heredity and training is upon him to such a degree, that when, during the marriage ceremony, he has a fit of epilepsy, inherited but developed by the excitement of the situation, he believes the Lord has spoken against the marriage, and gives up the girl. It may be said that a writer with the artistic conscience may be assumed to have realistic grounds for all that seems phenomenal in his situations. If the Jewish feeling seems too intense, or the effects of the epilepsy in wiping out his love for Christine too improbable, we must assume that Mr. Harland has made a study of such facts and knows himself to be on firm ground. The difference in race is brought out clearly by contrasting the Jewish horror of the Christian marriage with the Christian indifference to anything but the fact of love in the marriage. It is a delicate touch that Christine's own sense of what is right brings upon her the undeserved punishment; she urges upon her lover the fitness of his disclosing their coming marriage to the uncle whose opposition is the cause of all the misery. Another fine touch is in making that opposition take the form, not of a violent harangue, but of a cold-blooded, passionless assurance that the Lord will not permit the marriage to take place. It is the opposition, not of a tempest, but of a stone wall; and its exasperating effect upon the victim is vividly illustrated. While we are given much insight into the workings of the young man's mind, we are not permitted

\* The Story of Alexander's Empire. By Prof. J. P. Mahaffy. (The Story of the Nations.) \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

\* The Yoke of the Thorah. By Sidney Luska. \$1.00. New York: Cassell & Co.



to gaze upon and analyze Christine's sufferings at all. She disappears after the broken engagement: we are only permitted to imagine what she undergoes. And we must commend the touch of letting her eventually marry another man. It is all done in a paragraph, which is much better than letting the final hero go all through the book in noble contrast to the vacillating Jew.

#### Two Travellers.\*

'DES ailes! des ailes! des ailes!  
Comme dans le chant de Ruckert,  
Pour voler là-bas avec elles,  
Au soleil d'or, au printemps vert.'

cried a famous French traveller, recording in a delightful poem 'what the swallows said' when they gathered on the chimneys to talk over their autumn trip: 'Wings, wings, wings, just to fly down there and bask in that golden light!' So one feels on beginning and reading to the last page Mme. Le Plongeon's travel miscellany in *Old Yucatan and the neighboring isles* (1). This lady is already favorably known as the wife and companion of the indefatigable 'Yucatanist' (it is now a science!) and Maya scholar, Dr. Le Plongeon, and as author, herself, of 'Yucatan: Its Ancient Palaces and Modern Cities.' In the volume before us, she recurs to her favorite theme, and gathers together many isolated papers which she had contributed from time to time to the *Tribune*, *Home Journal*, *Scientific American*, and the Harper publications. The subjects are very varied, but they all circle about the beautiful island of Cozumel, the mysterious wells and woods of Central America, the pigmy cities and palaces of Mico, and the legends and language of the Mayas. Husband and wife wander, leisurely, along the coast in a slow-tacking sloop, catch turtles at midnight with the natives, hunt for legend-haunted gems buried in the sands, watch and record the phenomena of the Evil Eye as they prevail among the idol-worshipping Christian population, and keep a sharp lookout for the pigmies, real and fictitious, whose marvellous doll-houses and doll-temples still abound in certain localities. They then get aboard a smuggling vessel, which is loaded with 500lb. turtles, talk entertainingly about the Caribs and their kin, take us into the mighty water-courses of the interior whence the natives get delicious water in summer, and give us glimpses of New Year's day among the Mayas. Further on, the ancient and still existing communal system of agriculture and life among these yellow aborigenes is described, and infinite regrets are roused in us by a chapter on their lost literature and priceless MSS., the characters of which Dr. Le Plongeon claims in part to have deciphered. A bundle of quaint fables and romances prevalent among the people is collected and dissected, their superstitions concerning eclipses are analyzed, and the way they evoke spirits in their most musical tongue is graphically touched. Altogether Mme. Le Plongeon has given us a book full of original research and ethnological interest; slight, feminine, discursive to be sure, but distinctly 'unbeaten'—and, indeed, hard to beat.

'Six Weeks in Old France' (2) is a little volume of letters from a French château describing the land which no less an authority than the great Grotius called 'le plus beau royaume après celui du ciel.' The object of the publication is to aid an Episcopal orphanage in Ohio. The author (a lady) stayed some weeks in Lorraine, and writes an amusing and flowing account of what she saw in the provinces during her stay. Had she confined herself strictly to her theme, and not gone into endless disquisitions about the Plantagenets, the Guises, and other historical padding, her book would have been far better than it is. But to mix up two or three love-scrapes with a *réchauffé* of history, sprinkled with abounding italics and misplaced or omitted accents, is an undertaking requiring more skill than she possesses,

however worthy her object—more particularly as her book ventures on ground already made classic by the pen of Henry James in his 'Little Tour of France.'

#### A Complete Edition of Browning.\*

A GOOD uniform edition of Browning has long been a desideratum on both sides of the Atlantic, and we might have expected that the recent 'boom' in behalf of the poet would have led some of our enterprising publishers to supply the demand ere this. They may have been deterred by the fact that the poems are so voluminous, and that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. had possession of the American market by 'the courtesy of the trade.' This house had already bound up in uniform style the volumes of Browning which they and their predecessors had been issuing for thirty years or more; but the plates of the earlier books were worn and battered, and certain poems remained in their original form though the author had made extensive alterations in the text. The edition was also marred by many misprints and corruptions reproduced from the English issue, to say nothing of sundry others due to the Yankee printer. We have now in six comely volumes, of about four hundred pages each, with excellent type and paper, everything that Browning has written, including the recent 'Parleyings' and some bits of verse not given in the English collections. The text has, moreover, been carefully looked over (by Mr. H. E. Scudder, we may venture to say, with incidental help from Mr. W. J. Rolfe and others), and is far more accurate than in the latest London edition. Some errors probably remain to be corrected; but the publishers will doubtless set these right as fast as possible. Any reader can do the publishers—and the literary world—a service, by sending them a memorandum of the inaccuracies he may detect. Browning himself, though we know that he is aware of the misprints in the London editions, does not appear to trouble himself about having them corrected. If the correction is not made before he dies, there is likely to be a deal of squabbling hereafter over the reading of certain passages. We know of instances in which a 'vile misprint,' as Browning characterized it in a private letter, has been defended and explained by some of his enthusiastic votaries as an emendation of the earlier version. The volumes of the new edition are sold separately at the very moderate price of \$1.75 each, or \$10 for the set—about half what the inferior English edition costs.

#### English Literature as an Art Gallery.†

THE reader who lays down this volume and with reluctant step returns to the work-a-day world, has, for a time, been gazing at magnificent structures, masterpieces of architecture; he has been wandering through the art galleries of the Old and New Worlds, charmed into forgetfulness of all save the surrounding beauty of snowy marble carved into exquisite form, or surpassing loveliness revealed by the deft and inspired touch of the painter. The author's attempt to portray in this fanciful manner the beauties of our mother tongue has at least the charm of novelty. So enamored is he of his subject, that the reader easily yields to the fascinating spell, and beholds whatever the conjurer wills. Architecture, sculpture, painting, music, are grouped into a unit and called language. Before us are summoned the Gothic structures which Carlyle, with his splintered periods and thunder-ruffled clauses, has reared, and we behold them in all their rugged majesty and strength. With these are contrasted the creations of De Quincey, who piles word upon word, sentence upon sentence, rearing verbal minarets, pinnacles, domes and cupolas—slender, glittering shafts, piercing the clouds, and looking down from giddy heights upon the 'impassive Sphinx, or the oozy mud of the Nile.'

\* Here and There in Yucatan: Miscellanies. By Alice D. Le Plongeon. New York: J. W. Bouton. 2. Six Weeks in Old France; or, Dr. Thorn's Holiday. Letters from Château de Montagland. By L. M. A. \$1. Albany: American Bureau of Foreign Travel.

\* The Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning. Riverside Edition. 6 Vols. \$20. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† The Art Gallery of the English Language. By A. H. Morrison. \$1.25. Toronto: Williamson & Co.

Or, rather, setting at defiance the law of gravitation, he builds from the top downward; while Bacon, on the other hand, raises a massive edifice in which, from foundation to turret, layer is placed on layer with strict exactness. Again, we are conducted by our enthusiastic Canadian guide to a Westminster Abbey, wherein we pass through echoing aisles, stand beneath lofty arches, search labyrinthine cloisters, ponder the shadow and rejoice in the sunshine: the Abbey is a poem, and Milton the architect. Other pens have produced towering castles, lordly palaces, dreary prisons, or the lowly cottage with its peaceful porch, trailing vines and fragrant blossoms.

A wave of the wand, and we find upon our library shelves, not books, but rare and perfect sculpture—some carved 'in the round,' others in low relief. Goldsmith, Irving, Byron, Shakspeare, are some of the familiar names; and before us stand their memorable groups, or single figures, statues, or statuettes. But our language is inexhaustible in its variety, and from colorless art to that which glows with richest hues, there is but a step. Scott, Poe and Coleridge paint with ready brush. How delicious is Keats's coloring! Shakspeare, at home in every branch of art, handles the brush as effectively as the chisel. Here we have portraits, landscapes, still-life, battle-scenes—all manner of pictured designs. And when, dazzled with all this brilliancy and loveliness, we would rest, language comes in still another form, as music, soothing to calmness with its countless melodies.

#### "Ramblings in Old Boston."\*

AS TENDERLY as a lover would write to his mistress, does the cultured pastor of the church at Lexington write of—almost to—Old Boston. Having imbibed a taste for old things by long dwelling near the Revolutionary battleground, and by a love for the city near by that is like that of son to mother, Mr. Porter starts with the right equipment for his work. For Old Boston actually is not that of the West End, knows nothing of Commonwealth Avenue, the Vendome, the Brunswick or the Public Garden; these are literally *parvenus*, upstarts from mud and swamp and salt marsh. New Boston, of brown-stone and Japanese ivy fronts, of wide avenues statued and gardened, is a thing of the *nouveaux riches*. It rests on piles. It was reared from the freight-train loads of hill dirt carted from the back country—brought into being by Pat's shovel and the pile-driver. Large portions of Massachusetts elsewhere, dumped and rammed down, with whole forests of Maine and Nova Scotia pines planted head downwards, made Holy Trinity and the new Old South and Copley Square possible. Where the British troops took boat and ship for Concord and Bunker Hill, there now stands the Providence Depot and stretches the Public Garden. To-day Old Boston is unsavory, given up to the alien, the corner groggery and penny grocery to the flotsam and jetsam of humanity. Almost mournfully, the author writes of his love—"a section rarely visited by the people in the other parts of the city." Yes, we know it; every Bostonian hopes to live in the Back Bay district before he, or she especially, dies; while Old Boston is read about, or visited mainly by people from 'out West,' and by conservatory or institute of technology students, or the history class at Wellesley College. Nevertheless, the Bostonian Society (to which Mr. Porter dedicates his volume) does its best to keep old memories green, and noble has been its work in cleaning out and refurnishing the old State House, and encouraging the publication of just such books as this.

A splendid octavo, printed in large type, with abundance of full-page illustrations of old houses and localities, with maps and indexes and all needed appurtenances, is this portly table volume. It is a book that may be read comfortably, and so will be read often. The text has a sunny style that makes one feel that people who lived a century

ago in houses without pipes and wires and drains and machinery of all sorts, and were not acquainted with plumbers and janitors, were really happy, after all. The local history of the good old city is happily treated without too much detail, and the long and patient toil of the author in back alleys, with pencil and camera, is here transmuted into pages of charming description and reminiscence. With this volume, read far away from the city itself, one does well; with comparison of the cabinets at the Old South Meeting-House, the State House and the Historical societies, he does better; but with actual exploration, and book, and relic, he does best of all. Fortunately, with good mission-schools, police system and electric lights, exploration in the North End is now comparatively easy, even for a lady. In view of such use of Mr. Porter's book, would not the publishers get their investment back, if they should issue the work in a volume weighing four and a half ounces instead of as many pounds? The writer hereby puts himself down for one copy.

#### The Literature of Atheism.\*

IN THE person of Mr. Edgar Saltus pessimism and atheism have found an eloquent and a witty exponent. In his 'Philosophy of Disenchantment' he described pessimism as it has been interpreted by such men as Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann. In his more recent 'Anatomy of Negation,' atheism is his theme; and he gives a historic survey of it as it has extended from the Orient to modern France. He brings to the treatment of the subject no new information, no enlarged philosophy; but he gives to it much of literary charm and force. He is a brilliant essayist, master of an expressive style, and capable of giving the delight of novelty to his chapters. His master seems to be Schopenhauer, and he has caught some of the philosophic magic of that thinker, without having anything like his originality. He possesses in a high degree of development the capacity of assimilating the ideas of others and giving them a literary setting. Mr. Saltus is not a philosopher, but a *littérateur*. He does not always thoroughly understand the men he professes to interpret, but he makes their opinions and their doubts serve him a good purpose as a man-of-letters. Whether witty, satirical or flippant, he commands an attractive manner, which makes it pleasing to read his pages. He deals with Buddha and Nirvana, the skepticisms of Greece, the early antagonists of the Church, Spinoza and the nature-philosophers, the modern forms of materialism and pessimism, and the French poets who have found in atheism the inspiration of their muse. These six chapters constitute a history of atheism in a literary rather than a philosophic sense. They are not to be consulted for information, but to be read for their eloquent exposition of negation.

#### Five Books in Foreign Languages.

MESSRS. APPLETON have just issued a charming edition of Valera's 'Pepita Jiménez' in the original Spanish. This novel, famous for the purity of its language and the beauty of its style, has already been translated into French, Bohemian, Italian, German, Portuguese and English. The present American edition is the most correct of the many editions that have appeared, and is printed in the modern orthography adopted by the Spanish Academy. It is illustrated, and contains the publishers' preface, together with a *prólogo* written by the author expressly for the American translation. With their well known liberality to foreign authors, the Appletons have made special arrangements with Señor Valera both for the translation and for the original. The book contains a portrait of the author, and is enclosed in a quaint canvas binding.

'Fantine,' the first part of a beautiful edition of Hugo's 'Les Misérables,' has reached us from the press of Mr. William R. Jenkins (New York). The leaves are uncut and the type is excellent. It promises to be a classic edition of that wonderful book whose object, as the author hints in his preface, is to delineate the 'social damnation' which a 'degraded civilization,' false to man,

\* 'Ramblings in Old Boston.' By Rev. Edward G. Porter. \$6. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.

\* 'The Anatomy of Negation.' By Edgar Evertson Saltus. \$2. New York: Scribner & Welford.



woman and child, has created here on earth. Along with this comes No. 12 of the Contes Choisis, from the same publishers. This contains 'Le Chien du Capitaine,' by L. Enault. A round dozen of these sparkling tales have now appeared, and should occupy a corner in the library of all friends of pure French fiction.

Vol. I. of Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt's 'German Novelettes for School and Home' (D. C. Heath & Co.) contains a delightful selection of short tales in German, gathered from the best modern writers. It is such a collection as Prof. O'Connor of Columbia College has made of French tales and published through Henry Holt & Co. Dr. Bernhardt's book embraces five stories, and is enriched with etymological, grammatical and explanatory notes, the latter in German. It is part of a Students' Series which D. C. Heath & Co. have projected, and by its choice form, clear German type and excellent 'manufacture' fulfils the high expectations which this young and enterprising firm has roused by its scholarly work. The stories are by Stöckl, Boyen, Werner, Juncker and Wiesner, and form a noteworthy auxiliary to German study in America.

Mr. E. F. Bacon's 'Leitfaden' (Clarke & Maynard) is a guide for learning the German language according to the 'natural' method. It has been newly arranged and furnished with a complete German-English vocabulary. Those who prefer this method will find in the Introduction ample directions for using it. The book is full and useful; yet we must call attention to the very inexact English for the German future and conditional tenses sprinkled over pp. 264-266. The author seems to have no conception of the difference between 'shall' and 'will,' 'should' and 'would.' Why spell 'wilt' repeatedly with two *ls* (262-4)?

#### Recent Fiction.

'7 TO 12' is another of Anna Katharine Green's clever detective stories (Putnam), this time very short, but all the more striking for the ease with which it is made to unfold an immense deal of human life and tragedy. The little tale is that of a lady who steals her own jewels; but we must not spoil the reader's enjoyment of its surprises by unravelling it further. IN THE NAME OF THE TZAR is a stirring title, and the story by J. Belford Dayne (Franklin Square Library), is rather a noteworthy one. It is, of course, a story of revolutionists; but the unique point is that the Tzar himself is a member, indeed the president, of the Secret Council, eager to right the wrongs of his people, but hemmed in when he occupies his official position in the Empire by his ministers and the aristocracy. The revolution occurs, and it is successful, as such things easily are on paper; but it is the revolution itself, as well as the resistance, that is done 'in the name of the Tzar,' and when it is over the Tzar is still at the head of the new government, in a position he has long craved. The story has the pleasing quality of style, being told with much literary art, and is suggestive as well as entertaining. Relief to the high tragedy is afforded by an amusing English family with an aunt.

'MARRYING AND GIVING IN MARRIAGE' (Franklin Square Library) is a pretty little love-story by Mrs. Molesworth. Without being in any way striking or original, it nevertheless puts together in very readable shape the old, old facts of English habits and French customs in marriage, as they are sometimes affected by the human nature that knows no nationality. THE CRUISE OF A WOMAN-HATER, by G. de Montauban (Ticknor), is of course the cruise of a Hater who eventually marries a Woman. On a certain voyage, he finds himself unexpectedly in the society of ladies, with the not unusual result. The filling-in of the story is not particularly entertaining. GARRISON GOSSIP, by John Strange Winter (Franklin Square Library) has the usual piquancy and charm of this lady's military stories. The gossip seems a little strained and extravagant even for gossip, but it is certainly unique. The plot turns on the effort of a good woman to save a bad woman from scandal, with the result that the bad woman attempts to save herself by turning the tables and representing that she was the guardian angel of the other lady in the compromising situation.

'DINAH MITE,' by Brenda (Whittaker), is a fresh, touching, and picturesque temperance story. The pretty incident on which it turns actually occurred at a temperance meeting, when the exhorter, asking those who would sign the pledge to raise their arm, saw the arm of an unconscious baby (christened in jest Dinah because the family name was really Mite) struggle out of the enveloping shawl and hold itself aloft. The preacher was quick to improve the opportunity: 'If I were to ask that little baby its history, I'm terribly afraid it would tell me of a miserable home and neglect, because somebody belonging to it—drinks.' The accused father comes forward to the table and signs the pledge. The single flaw in the little story lies in the lack of realism from imply-

ing that the only thing necessary to make a man reform is to get him to sign the pledge. This once done, he becomes temperate, generous, thoughtful, highly virtuous, and intelligent, though five minutes before he had been in every way a reprobate. This is a decided lapse from probability; but the story is well told, with as much humor as pathos.

THE PRETTIEST THING in 'A Week away from Time' (Roberts) is the account of a cranberry-picking, which is really delightful. Aside from this, the book seems to have only as its *raison-d'être* the desire to string together five or six short stories, none of them remarkable and one of them a translation. The missing link thus supplied is of extremely light quality, and hardly worth the effort of either reading or writing. The people who gather together for the sake of telling the four or five stories are extremely well-educated and belong to the class known as 'bright'; but neither their quotations nor their witticisms save them from appearing dull in a book. Those who want Ruskin and Matthew Arnold for the summer had better take each in his own edition, and at almost any summer resort they can find in ordinary piazza conversation quite as much brilliancy as is here displayed. AMARYLLIS AT THE FAIR, by Richard Jefferies (Franklin Square Library), has none of the dainty charm one might expect from the title. The author figures on the very first page as a pessimist; and there is really nothing in the story to account for the creation of so much unpleasantness.

'TO CALL HER MINE' (Franklin Square Library) is hardly so attractive as Walter Besant's work generally is. It is a terrible story of wrong-doing, treachery, wickedness engendered by wickedness, desertion, ruin, murder, and villainy of every kind. One nice young girl is hardly enough to make the story pleasant; it can only be said of it that it is a vivid illustration of the evil that cruelty can work on the mind of youth. THAT CHILD (Whittaker) is the short story of an unknown orphan, by the author of 'Mademoiselle Mori,' but far inferior to the writer's other popular work. The 'child' is rough and uninteresting, the local color is not particularly good, and the friend's sacrifice at the end is too melodramatic. NEXT OF KIN—WANTED, by Miss M. Betham Edwards (Franklin Square Library), is a somewhat amusing account of adventurous relatives who responded to such an advertisement. How some of them did indeed find 'something to their advantage,' though not of the kind expected, is set forth with ingenious originality.

#### Minor Notices.

'THE CHURCH and Its Apostolic Ministry' is the collective title of a course of seven lectures delivered in St. Mark's Church, Denver, in January of this year, by Right Rev. John F. Spalding, D.D., and published by the Young Churchman Co., of Milwaukee. It is exactly the sort of writing which confirms the believing, repels the honest enquirer, and makes the doubter doubt the more. Testimony uncertain or negative to others is to the author 'sufficiently decisive,' and where there is broad room for difference of opinion, 'it is,' in the eye of the Bishop of Colorado, 'generally agreed.' Making allowance for the color-blindness or prejudice with which all of us, perhaps, are born, the book is in other respects worthy of note for its chaste clear English, and the earnestness of its eloquence. The titles of the lectures are 'The Nature of the Church: Its Marks or Notes,' 'The Authority of the Church,' 'The Ministry of the Church: Its Different Grades,' 'Episcopacy Proved from its General Prevalence,' 'Episcopacy in the First Century and in the Apostles' Times: The Scripture Proof,' 'The Apostolic Succession Unbroken,' and 'Practical Advantages of the Apostolic Ministry.' A NEW edition of Mr. Beecher's 'Prayers from Plymouth Pulpit' has been published by Armstrong & Son. The richness of spiritual power and devotional aspiration contained in these prayers must give them considerable value to those who may read them. They have the same freshness of utterance and the same originality of thought which characterized Mr. Beecher's sermons. They are taken mainly from his regular Sunday services, with the addition of several occasional and lecture-room prayers. CHAS. A. MURDOCH & CO., of San Francisco, are publishing a series of essays and discourses on subjects of 'Modern Religious Thought.' There have already appeared a paper by Prof. Joseph Le Conte on the relation of evolution to religious thought, a sermon on the ethics of gambling, a sermon on the use and abuse of Sunday, and an essay on *Laissez faire* and labor. The series is published for the Pacific Coast Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches.

'THE only defective element in the American system,' which has hitherto been considered to be that of municipal government, is in a fair way of being eliminated, if we may judge from the amount of

study applied to the problem, and the actual work accomplished in this line of political endeavor. A blaze of light is being turned upon dark problems, and the preparation and publication of the monographs in the Johns Hopkins University Series is forcing attention to a subject usually neglected alike by the tax-payer and tax-evader. Philadelphia, of which Messrs. E. P. Allison and B. Penrose's *History of Municipal Development*—a portly volume of nearly 400 pages—treats, is in a sense a typical American city. Its government 'began with the most characteristic form of a mediæval English borough corporation, and after passing through almost every system and phase of municipal institutions, ends with a charter embracing the latest ideas of municipal government.' The volume now published has been written, not exactly with a spade, but with skilled pens after much burrowing among the dust and time-stains of mouldy old papers, the original authorities. The most interesting chapter, considered as literature, is the first, in which the early government, from 1681 to 1701, is treated in terse and luminous style, with scholarly and suggestive comparisons, showing the familiarity of the authors with the facts and philosophy of general history. Besides tracing the evolution of the city government during two centuries, a pretty full sketch of the city in the year of grace 1887 is given, with a text of the new charter. The book is equipped with an index and table of reference to the ordinances quoted, and is calculated to awaken the interest, and the pride also, of every Philadelphian, as well as to furnish the student of municipal government with a most valuable text-book. We cannot forbear expressing our hearty appreciation of the work done by the projector and co-workers in this strong and honest series of good books. (Philadelphia: Allen, Lane & Scott.)

'ECHOES OF BIBLE HISTORY,' by Bishop W. P. Walsh (Whitaker), is one of those timely books which contain 'infinite riches in a little room.' The spade of the archæologist has been busy in many historic lands during the last half-century, and the records of the work accomplished may be found in learned and costly volumes. To put the fruits of subterranean research into the hands of the unlearned is a commendable purpose; yet none but the scholar should attempt the condensing process. Fortunately, in this instance one familiar with the excavators and their tablets, withal one not unversed in ancient texts and authors, has taken the task in hand. Bishop Walsh prepared several of the chapters with a view to instructing Sunday-school teachers and classes, and the very modesty of his style is apt to blind one to the merits of the book. Abundant illustrations of tablets, cylinders, seals, texts and the debris of stone and baked clay, so precious to the scholar, elucidate the text. The story of the Creation, Paradise, the Temptation, the Deluge and Babel occupy one-third of the book; Israel in Egypt another third; the story of the Exile nearly another third. Very little that has occurred in the annals of Biblical archæology during the last half century is here omitted. Our only criticism of the work is that these confirmations of the main outlines of the Bible story would be even stronger to the mind of the reader if the stock poetical quotations, hymn stanzas and orthodox exhortations were omitted entirely.

### Dr. Hayden and His Work.

DR. F. V. HAYDEN, so well known as the founder and for many years the Director of the U. S. Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, is now an invalid, confined to his house at 1805 Arch Street, Philadelphia. His disease is progressive locomotor ataxia, from which I believe there is no hope of ultimate recovery. He has been unable to leave his room for more than a year past, and has gradually been losing all power of motion, though his mind is as bright as ever. He may pass away at any hour, or he may linger for weeks or even months. Dr. Hayden was long the most prominent figure in the work of Western scientific exploration, and could his life be adequately written, it would read like a romance. He started out as a naturalist, almost 'on his own hook,' in 1851, in one of the military reconnoissances of the Upper Missouri region, collecting fossils, birds, mammals, plants and archæological specimens; but as he had the field largely to himself, his work rapidly developed, until he became the head of great exploring expeditions himself. For the times in which he was most active and useful, his system of exploring a new region was one of the best that could be devised, and won the highest praise from Archibald Geikie and other eminent British and

Continental scientists. His annual expedition was usually divided into five to eight parties, one of which made the grand triangulation or outline survey of a given tract of territory in the mountains or the plains. This was followed by other parties who completed and mapped out the geography, and studied the structural and stratigraphical geology, collecting all sorts of natural-history specimens, both living and fossil. Each party, in addition to a geologist and topographer, was usually accompanied by a journalist, or other person competent to write letters for the daily press from the field. There was also a photographic division, under the competent charge of Mr. W. H. Jackson, whose pictures are now known all over the civilized world, and have been reproduced in scores of scientific and popular books.

The great reading world quickly obtained information of what was being done by 'Hayden in the Hills and Mountains.' The Annual Reports (octavos) came along a few months later and were printed and distributed by tens of thousands under authority of Congress; while the immense collections were turned over to scientific specialists, like Leidy, Cope, Meek, Coues, White, Lesqueux and others, to be 'worked up.' At later dates the results of their studies were published in a series of illustrated quarto volumes, which won the admiration and praise of scientific Europe. It would be a noble tribute to his work, merely to enumerate the names and later accomplishments of the men whom Hayden called into his service in their youth. He was made a member of scientific bodies in every nation of Europe, and the recipient of a score of medals, some of which are of the highest class. But upon the consolidation of the Surveys (Hayden and Powell's of the Interior Department and Wheeler's of the War Department), President Garfield appointed Mr. Clarence King as chief, and this sent Dr. Hayden into private life. A year or two later Major Powell succeeded Mr. King, and still remains at the head of the organization.

If the history of Western scientific exploration is ever written, and it doubtless will be, its central and commanding figure will be Prof. Hayden. His work was performed in days which will be looked back upon as days almost of romance. The parties, organized in Washington and assigned each to its particular district, were equipped and sent out from some general rendezvous, such as Denver or Cheyenne. This was before railroads had threaded the Rocky Mountains, and the long journeys were made on mule-back and with teams of pack-animals. The Indians were at times hostile; grizzly bears and 'mountain lions' still lurked in their fastnesses; and there was a spice of danger in every mile of progress. Each geologist and topographer carried his Springfield musket at his saddle-bow—and sometimes had to use it in self-defence. But there was a freshness in the country and in the work such as our forefathers felt in the days of the Revolution. What excitement and exhilaration attended the discovery of new features in geology, new peaks or mountain ranges, new fossils, unknown archæological specimens, the marvellous cliff-houses and pueblos, new animals and new plants! Will not some deft pen and graphic pencil yet tell the world of all this? Would that it could have been done by the master-spirit of the work himself; for what a world of thrilling recollections will fade irretrievably away when his laborious, useful life, now practically over, shall have gone completely out!

CHARLES ALDRICH.

WEBSTER CITY, IOWA, June 19th, 1887.

### "Ben Hur" and Mt. Vesuvius.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

AS REGARDS accuracy of detail 'Ben Hur' stands in the front rank of historical novels. A curious slip, however, occurs at the beginning of Book III., where the author says:—'In the year of our Lord 24. . . . a traveller coming to the promontory (of Misenum) to regale himself with the view there offered, would have mounted the wall, and, with the city at his back, looked over the



bay of Neapolis, as charming then as now; and then, as now, he would have seen the matchless shore, the smoking cone, etc. Any one who has been on the spot will associate the 'smoking cone' at once with Mt. Vesuvius; but Vesuvius in the year 24 was neither a 'cone' nor 'smoking.' A description of the mountain at this time is given by Strabo, who says that, with the exception of the summit, it was covered with beautiful meadows; that the summit itself was for the most part level, but very barren, having the appearance of cinders. He inferred that Vesuvius had once been a volcano, but had burnt out. It was not till 79 A.D. that Vesuvius again became active. A graphic description of the eruption has been left by the younger Pliny, who was an eye-witness. It was at this time that Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed. Referring to the change that then took place in the appearance of the mountain, Martial writes, in his fourth book of Epigrams (published about A.D. 88):—'Here stands Vesuvius, green of late with viny shades; here once the noble cluster loaded the gushing vats. These were the heights more loved by Bacchus than the Nysean hills; on this mount just now the Satyrs thronged the choral dances. Here was a home of Venus, more dear to her than Lacedæmon; here was a spot famous from the name of Hercules [Herculæum]. Now, all lies desolate, a prey to flames and merciless cinders.' Since that period Vesuvius has undergone great changes. It is probably higher now than ever before. Indeed, from 1845 to 1868 it is said to have increased in height over 300 feet.

LAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY, ILL.

F. W. K.

### Sherman's "Madrigals and Catches."

'MADRIGAL and catch' are here;  
Jocund laughter,—not a tear;  
Songs as blithesome and as airy  
As the birds' at spring of year.

Listen how the notes outpour!  
Little lays from Cupid's store:—  
Strains that hoofed faun and fairy  
Sang some morningtide of yore.

Saith the prophet: 'Life is brief:  
Bud and bloom and falling leaf!'  
Joy should have a welcome ever,  
For the years are gloomed by Grief.

Welcome, welcome then to all,  
Catch and glee and madrigal:—  
Happy harmonies where never  
Sorrow's saddening shadows fall!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

### The Lounger

READING the Thackeray letters in *Scribner's Magazine* from month to month, one begins to grow impatient for the period of the novelist's visit to America. Not that the charm and interest of this treasure-trove of Thackerayana begin to flag; but it is the way of human nature to feel the keenest curiosity as to what is said of oneself, especially when the person who says it is a close, skilled and unprejudiced observer, and a great writer, writing, as in the present case, without the least reserve. I hope Mrs. Brookfield will not sow the pages of the magazine too liberally with stars, when she edits this part of the correspondence. Americans are not as sensitive to criticism as they used to be, and the frank comments of a not-unfriendly observer will have a keener relish than any other portion of the letters.

I AM NOT an habitual reader of serial stories: their effect is tantalizing; but these monthly instalments of letters and fragments of letters, chronologically arranged and having a direct biographical sequence, are another thing. When you lay down one number of the magazine, you look forward with eagerness to the appearance of the next; but not with the restless impatience that you feel when you finish the current chapter of a well constructed novel. The feeling is less acute but more agreeable. I hope, by the way, that these letters are hereafter to be accessible in some other form than the bound volumes of *Scribner's Magazine*.

HOW MANY of us whose ears have been ravished by the sonorous strains of the saxophone, were aware that that instrument borrows its name from M. Sax, its unhappy inventor? Unhappy, because he is a man with a grievance, and is no longer young enough to fight for his rights as strenuously as he did a quarter of

a century ago. It is twenty-seven years since M. Sax won a suit against certain infringers of his patents; yet the commissioners appointed to assess his damages have still to file their report. He compromised with one of the defendants for half a million francs, and thus secured his release from bankruptcy; but it was years before any official notice was taken of his financial rehabilitation. Again, in 1867 the Superior Jury of the Paris Exposition awarded him the Grand Prize, which should carry with it 20,000 francs and membership in the Legion of Honor. As M. Sax was already a member of the Legion, he expected to be made an officer. But he reckoned without his host in this calculation; and he never got the 20,000 francs, either. His saxophone class at the Conservatoire was suspended, despite the protest of Director Ambrose Thomas, although he offered to make his services gratuitous; since the German war he has not been able to sell 2,000 francs' worth of band instruments in France; he has been obliged again to go into bankruptcy; and German musicians accuse him of having stolen his chief inventions in Potsdam and Berlin. No wonder M. Sax has issued a pathetic 'Appel au Public!' He wants the public to sustain his demand that the surviving commissioners, appointed in 1860, be made to file their report.

THE FAMOUS *chef* of the Clarendon Hotel, M. Joseph Baptiste Peyroux, familiarly known as Baptiste, is dead. This is not a startling fact in itself, but it is interesting from the discovery that he leaves an estate said to be worth \$200,000, largely invested in city property. If Baptiste had devoted his attention to education or literature, if he had been a college president or a poet, say, his friends would probably be taking up a subscription to pay his funeral expenses. But this thrifty and accomplished Frenchman catered for the stomach and not the brain of man, and hence his prosperity.

MR. CHARLES BARNARD, the writer of stories, plays, and scientific articles, has gone to New Rochelle to live in a cottage on the shores of the Sound. New Rochelle is only a short distance from Larchmont, where Mr. Bronson Howard, the playwright, has his summer home. The two gentlemen are friends, and the other day Mr. Barnard set forth in a row-boat with his wife to call upon the Howards. The time slipped away so rapidly that their stay was prolonged till the tide went out. They then discovered that their row-boat was stranded on the mud flats. Here was a dilemma; but Mr. Howard, who is certainly a model host, was equal to the occasion. Taking off his shoes and stockings, and rolling his trousers up above his knees, he waded into the cold, black mud, and pushed the boat out into the Sound. There his guests reached it from another point, and rowed home, carrying in their minds a vivid impression of the muddy legs of the playwright as he retreated in good order to his cottage.

MR. EDGAR EVERTSON SALTUS bounded into the room of an intimate friend a few days ago, shouting out triumphantly that he had at last found a publisher for his novel. 'The manuscript has been refused by half the publishers in New York,' he exclaimed. He at first intended to call the story 'Crim. Con,' but concluded that 'Mr. Incoul's Misadventure' would be a safer title. It is an unfortunate name, I think. If he would leave off the 'Misadventure' and call it merely 'Mr. Incoul,' it would be much better; and he may yet do so. The present name suggests a short story in a magazine, rather than a novel.

### The Pene DuBois Library Sale.

THE sale of the Library of Mr. Henry de Pene DuBois was continued during Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week. Bibliography, Curiosa and Facetia, Poetry and Drama and varia Literaria were the parts that came under the hammer. These divisions comprised about one half the catalogue. As it became generally known, however, that only about one third of the books belonged to Mr. DuBois—the bidding was not as spirited as on the first three days of the sale. It has been a matter of surprise to the friends of Mr. DuBois (and they are many) that he should ever have consented to allow his name to be associated with some of the books—that were offered for sale—nor can too much be said in condemnation of the matter and manner in which some of the Bibliographical notes in the catalogue were made. There is a certain coarseness running through the notes upon the Facetia and Erotica—which would lead one to suppose that the buyers' tastes were 'naturally vicious.' As many of the books were 'protected' by the booksellers who helped to pad the sale, it is hard to say just which were the prices on Mr. DuBois's own books. 'Barbier Dictionnaire des Ouvrages Anonymes' sold for \$88.00; Bigmore and Wyman's 'Bibliography of Printing,' 3 vols., \$75 (one third more than it

could be bought for in a retail bookstore); Dibdin's 'Bibliotheca Spenceriana,' with manuscript notes by the author, \$24.00. Max Rooses' work on the 'Plantin Press' \$12.00 (published at \$50.00). Mr. DuBois's collection of Book Plates (614 examples) \$32.00; 'Antiquities of Herculaneum and Pompeii,' 8 vols., \$56.00; Hobbes' 'Leviathan,' original edition, 1651, \$ .50!! 'Fermiers-Généraux' edition of La Fontaine's 'Contes,' 2 vols. bound by Chambolle-Duru, \$110.00; 'Le Sage's 'Tucaret. Comedie,' Paris, 1709, bound by Chambolle-Duru, \$28.00 (Morgand sold it for \$60.00). A large paper copy of More's 'Utopia' edited by Dr. Dibdin, bound by Bedford, \$33.00; Curmer's edition of 'Perrault,' \$30.00. The first edition of 'Rousseau's Confessions,' 3 vols., Geneva, 1782-89, \$3.36; Didot's exquisite edition of 'Homer' 4 vols., \$12.00. Arsène Houssey's 'La Comédie Française,' 1680-1880, \$8.00; Paterson's edition of 'Moliere,' 6 vols., large paper, \$20.25. The 'Oeuvres Complètes' of Alfred de Musset, in 11 vols., bound by Smeers in full morocco, \$79.75; Poe's 'Raven,' Dore's illustrations, \$1.00 (published at \$10.00); 'Phèdre Tragédie de Racine' belonging to Rachel (a presentation copy from the author), \$4.50; 'Poésies de Clotilde,' 2 vols., bound by Thouvenin, with plates in five states, \$28.00. A set of caricatures by Rowlandson, Woodward, Gillray, The Cruikshanks, etc., 4 vols.—with colored plates—\$60.00 (sold recently in London for \$180.00); Louis Gonse's 'L'Art Japonais,' 2 vols., on Japan paper, \$23.00 (imported price \$120.00); Hamerton's 'Graphic Arts,' large paper, \$37.00 (published at \$70.00); Hennepin's 'Louisiana,' Paris, 1683, \$26.00; Montesquieu 'Oeuvres Complètes' bound by Purgold, Paris, 1827, \$10.00. The above quotations show what is generally the case at an auction. Rare books in fine condition and properly catalogued bring good prices; but when ordinary books are offered they are slaughtered. To out-of-town buyers this over-cataloguing may bring higher bids, but to the 'knowing' it leads to suspicion if not to disgust. Few people, no matter how ardent their love of bibliography, have the patience to read a catalogue of 486 pages, particularly when it has the objectionable features of this one.

## The Fine Arts

### Art Notes.

A PHOTOGRAPHURE from Detaille's 'In Time of Peace,' showing two old soldiers of the First Empire returning from a fishing excursion, is the timely frontispiece of the July number of Cassell & Co.'s *Magazine of Art*. An article on 'Verona la Degna,' with woodcut illustrations, follows; and then one on Angelica Kauffman, with reproductions of engravings from her pictures, printed in red. 'Korean Ware,' 'Current Art,' and 'To Dorking by Coach' are the titles of other illustrated articles. An extra number of the magazine is issued in connection with the Jubilee, giving woodcuts after Queen Victoria's great number of portraits, accompanied by descriptive notes by Richard Holmes, Librarian at Windsor Castle. It is called 'The Queen's Pictures.'

—The monument to the Soldiers and Sailors who fell during the Civil War was unveiled at New Haven June 18th. It is in the form of a tall shaft seventy-five feet high crowned with a statue of Peace eleven feet high. The shaft is ten feet in diameter. The apex is cone-shaped. There is a series of five steps of granite forming a pedestal with statues at the four corners representing History, Victory, Prosperity and Patriotism.

—The statue of Nathan Hale, the celebrated spy of the Revolution, ordered by the State of Connecticut for the Capitol at Hartford was formally presented to the State on the afternoon of June 14th. The presentation address was made by Charles Dudley Warner. The sculptor is Carl Gerhardt. The subject is shown standing with arms extended in the attitude of addressing the mob with the celebrated words, 'I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.' Hale was hung to an apple-tree on the Rutgers farm in this city.

—Mr. Thomas Ball, the Florentine sculptor, has executed a bust of P. T. Barnum which is being cast at the royal foundry at Munich.

—It is stated that a picture left with others by Dr. James Anderson of this city to the Rutgers College and Theological Seminary of New Brunswick has been discovered to be a genuine Annibale Cavacci, the subject being 'The Trinity.'

—Mr. W. P. Moore, proprietor of Moore's Art Gallery in this city, has presented 4000 acres of land to the public library of Tallahassee.

—\$50,000 have been appropriated by the Illinois Legislature for a monument to General Logan. The Park Commissioners have set aside a portion of Jackson Park for the site of the monument. It is proposed to raise a still larger sum of money for the monument.

—A statue of General Moses Cleveland, founder of the city of Cleveland, Ohio, will be unveiled there next autumn. The statue is seven feet and six inches high and shows the general standing erect, and bareheaded holding a staff and a surveyor's level. The pedestal will be of Westerly granite, seven feet high and six feet in diameter.

—A bust of President Andrew D. White, of Cornell University, was unveiled on the closing day of the Commencement exercises. The bust was the gift of the Alumni of the college to the university.

—Mr. Junius S. Morgan the American banker at London has presented a valuable work by Sir Joshua Reynolds to the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art. The picture was painted in 1780. It was purchased from the Westmorland family for \$50,000 and contains the portraits of three gentlemen who were the trustees of the tenth Earl of Westmoreland for whom it was painted. It is twelve feet by nine in dimensions.

—John Rogers, the sculptor, has recently completed a statuette of the late Henry Ward Beecher.

—Mr. Francis Lathrop has recently completed a stained glass window representing the Miracle at the Pool of Bethesda, for the Bethesda Protestant Episcopal Church at Saratoga Springs. The three compartments contain five figures of life size. The middle division represents Christ commanding the sick man to walk. In the right hand compartment are a young mother with her sick babe looking at Christ, and in the left-hand division is a young man waiting for the healing angel at the pool.

—The June *Portfolio* has a mezzotint engraving by S. Myers after Turner's water-color of 'Hornby Castle,' quite in the manner of the 'Liber Studiorum' plates, except that less use is made of the etched line. The articles on Scottish painters are continued; there is an etching by G. W. Rhead after a painting, 'Holy Water,' by John Phillyos, R.A.; the 'Letters from the English Lakes,' by the late William Hull, are continued, with bright pen-and-ink sketches from Grasmere and a photogravure from a water-color of 'Ambleside,' with a procession carrying banners; a second of the series of articles on Mulready, with spirited drawings of landscape and figures from his sketch-book; and the customary newsy Art Chronicle.

## Literature in the South.

[A Southerner, in *The Evening Post*.]

THERE is reason to regret that the writer of the article on Southern literature in the May number of *Harper's Magazine* should have withheld all critical account or philosophical interpretation of his material. Not the least censure is laid upon him for doing so; it was obviously the desired limit of his undertaking that he should present a mere summary of notable facts. But at the same time, those facts are so dependent upon the prevalent conditions of literary activity in this country at the present hour, are so embedded in the far-reaching tendencies, so exposed to the dominant influences of imaginative literary art as its canons are expounded and applied by the newer criticism of the day, that simply to group them thus apart, as geographically defined and self-explanatory data, is to rend them from their logical setting and view them much as a bundle of dry sticks cut from a living hedge.

It would indeed be premature to discuss in any deep sense the origin of this new Southern literature, while it is yet in the very process of origination; premature to trace the correlation of its parts, inasmuch as other interdependent parts are still appearing and still to appear; premature to outline broadly its characteristics, since these are in the mere course of self-manifestation. Such questions and many others, vital like them to a full understanding of the subject, must remain unconsidered till a later time. But it is not too soon to speak of the insidious nature of certain dangers to which it is exposed; not too soon to point out certain limitations by which it is marked; not too soon to emphasize again and again what the younger writers of the South must themselves deeply comprehend—the unique, the unsurpassably rich, the infinitely adaptive materials which it is their peculiar heritage to use; not too soon to survey the work already done, in the light of the one great literary discussion of the time—wither the most momentous, as respects the methods and the content of imaginative art, that has arisen since the prose literature of the imagination in the English tongue began.

The hope is indulged, therefore, that a paper, though of necessity so brief in compass as this, may not be valueless, if it shall be found to contain practical suggestions on any or all of these points. First, then, it cannot have escaped the observation of any one who has watched the development of public interest in this subject during the past few years that the great danger menacing the well-being of Southern literature in its very childhood is the criticism of



excessive praise. Literature at the North has long suffered from the same soft—the same fatal—kind unkindness. American literature at large has long suffered from it. For it is not to be gainsaid that in no other country, certainly not in Russia, Germany, France, or England, has criticism ever been disposed to make quite so much out of any given literary performance as it has in the United States. To speak no further of the past, there is now prevalent in this country, not what is the only standard of criticism by which every writer deserving the name should wish his writings to be tried—that international standard by which works of literary art produced by native authors would be compared with the great works of other literatures and of all times past—but an amiable, courteous, patriotic, purely national standard, which compares American writers only with one another, and which is so low that its judgments, so far from being commonly ratified abroad, are not even held in genuine respect at home. Can this be denied? Do we not know that it is the tone of the great body of criticism in this country to lift the mass of American literature—we speak only of fiction and poetry—to a higher level than it is worthy to attain? Do we not know that year after year among us, in this quarter or in that, books are heralded with praises which, in any true, high, modest sense, could be applied to nothing less than the masterpieces of the world's literature alone? Do we not know that year by year these books drop from the heights in which they have been hoisted, leave no permanent impress on the history of literature, die like the summer's insects? And yet this condition of affairs is not due to disingenuous puffery, though that may be one element; it is not due to the pushing of the publisher's business, though that may be a second; it is not due to any phase of literary log-rolling, though that may be a third. If one dare speak so confidently, the evil is more widespread, more deep-seated, more positively characteristic of us as a people. It is simply the American way, and that way is a well-meaning but a very bad way. It exaggerates the magnitude of native literary achievements—makes too much reputation and success out of too small a performance—and annually crowns so many authors with laurel that it is hardly worth one's while to be crowned at all. To the world of letters in other lands, as to the next generation of their own countrymen, they might as well have been crowned with the hickory or the sycamore.

And now this malady of undue panegyric has attacked the literature of the South, and attacked it with unexampled virulence. It may be seen working through the local Southern newspaper, whose editor may be the author's friend, whose columns are open to the author's admirers. It may be seen in the representative Southern press generally, which is naturally eager to foster and recompense Southern talent by securing its prompt recognition and in this way its substantial reward. But, what we are, for especial reasons, much more interested in observing, it may be seen also throughout the critical press of the North and through the extreme appreciation shown Southern authors of late by the Northern literary public. For the time being, the Southern writer is a curious specimen—a creature in the mystery of metamorphosis. He is but getting his wings; and the North, having long regarded him indifferently as a tobacco-worm, is suddenly anxious to admire his flight and colors as a butterfly. Southern literature is a sort of craze. A new commodity has been exposed for sale in the old American market-place of letters. When the first timid new-comer arrived and, uncovering his modest wares, cried 'Sweet fresh poems and stories of the South!' no one would buy. A few ancient frequenters of the stalls remembered having heard that cry years ago, and that the merchandise was not sweet and fresh, but stale, flat, and unprofitable. But still the stranger cried: 'Sweet fresh poems and stories of the South!' And at length some one bought and afterwards had no reason to regret his purchase. Then another bought, and then another; and now, when market day comes round again, everybody is eager to see what there is for sale. Nobody knows. It may be something unlike all that was ever bartered before.

Here, then, we come upon the first momentous fact in the history of this new Southern literature, namely, that it was taken for sale to the Northern markets. The South had, still has, no publishers, no great magazines. The North discovered Mr. Cable. It discovered Miss Murfree, Miss King, Miss Rives. It discovered Page. Without discovering Wilson, it gave him his first vast audience. Why speak of others?

I repeat, it is the first momentous fact in the history of the new Southern literature that it must be sent North for recognition and publication. It thus suffers a kind of bodily incorporation into the literature of the North. It must be stamped with a Northern editor's *imprimatur*; it must be judged by Northern critics; it must be praised by Northern standards of success. Speaking with the most sacred reverence for all truly great art ideals and art products, I have called that standard too low a one. But mark how it is being lowered in its application to Southern writers—how every little piece

of good Southern work is subjected to fine paticular scrutiny, often forced into factitious prominence; how a new Southern writer is proclaimed to have arisen in January, and another is predicted to arise in June; how so-called reputations are made in a day; how the laurel, ah yes! the laurel, is waiting in plenteous heaps. Write a short story and take your crown! 'Vanity Fair' set Thackeray at once and at a single bound in the first rank of writers of fiction then living in England or ever before living in any land. But to be ranked as a Southern writer of reputation by the generous standard of contemporary American criticism—what is the profound significance of that?

No influence emanating from the older circles of letters in this country could affect the young more deleteriously than this way of conferring literary honors—this cheapening of success. The new school of writers in the South—if school they may be called—by virtue of the very fact that they are new, are entitled to have, *must have*, a new standard of achievement. It is a truth fixed in the nature of the human mind that the art product does not rise to a higher level than the art ideal. What hope exists, therefore, of a new literature in the South—new in strength, new in depth, new in the largest elements of beauty and truth—if at the very outset it is taught contentment with mediocrity and satisfaction with feeble beginnings? The question is most pertinent whether those short stories—those first-published efforts—that won several Southern writers their immediate 'fame,' did not owe their unusual excellence to the very fact that they were written from the new vantage-ground of far higher than established ideals. And the question is also sadly pertinent whether those complaints, which Northern criticism has already commenced to urge against Southern literature, do not owe their existence largely to the fact that Southern literature has already begun to write itself down to the level of that standard which the North has taught it to approve. This may seem visionary, but is it visionary? Consider the character of these complaints. The new Southern writer is told by his Northern critic that he is falling below the standard he set for himself in the beginning; that he is trying to renew his first startling success by repeating himself; that his later work is but a variant of the preceding; that what were once praised as his delightful characteristics must now be censured as having degenerated into unbridled mannerisms; that he must leave his narrow vein or kill himself in the act of working it to the death. Such are the complaints. The sooner they are heard the better. It is idle to aver that they have no basis in truth. To allege this or that as the cause of the incipient decline would of course be unwarrantable; but at the same time it is impossible not to suspect wherein the explanation lies. The sudden vogue of Southern literature, the breath of Northern praise, so sweet and unexpected, the enthusiasm of friends, the solicitations of editors, the intoxication of success—all these may naturally have betrayed the Southern writer into hasty work, quick publication, self-repetition. Furthermore, there has been an especial standard held out to him which it is early and utter death for him not to rise above. This is the standard of mere acceptableness at the hands of the great Northern magazines and the great Northern publishers. Is not this true? Do not those magazines publish almost monthly poems and short stories which never live as literature? Is not the same true in the case of Northern publishers with novels and volumes of verse? Certainly the editors are in no wise censurable for this state of affairs. If the literary activity of the country were such as to supply them with better poems and better stories, they would then decline the inferior ones which they now accept. If the publishers could always bring out greater novels and greater songs, they would invariably do so. But as literature goes at present, merely to aim at the standard of an editor's or a publisher's acceptance is not to aim high, but low—is not to create what will be priceless in the treasure-house of abiding literature, but what is simply marketable in a market where it is often necessary to buy some very bad things. Thus, while the Northern editor and the Northern publisher have been and still remain the Southern writer's best friends, in that they compel him to reach a certain standard of excellence—a standard which they themselves advance as rapidly as the conditions of literature permit—nevertheless, they cannot save him from the disastrous consequences of producing what is simply good enough for them to accept, and what accordingly lives for a day only to die eternally.

But there is one charge brought against Southern fiction which it is of peculiar interest to consider. This is the charge of narrowness. True, Miss Murfree has wrought in a narrow field; so have Cable, Harris, Page, and others. But then the question arises, Is not this state of affairs the mere extension of a tendency long prevalent at the North? Are not the models of narrowness there? Is not Henry James narrow? Is not Howells? Are not the Northern author's methods narrow even when his fields are wide? Are not Miss Woolson's early short stories masterpieces

in the extreme differentiation of locality? Are not Miss Jewett's short stories landscapes in miniature? Is not the broadest of the new American fiction narrow when compared, as it should be compared, with the vastness of Russian fiction, French fiction, English fiction? Is there a living novelist of the North whose largest boundaries do not shrink to pitiful dimensions when put by the side of Tolstoi's, or Balzac's, or Thackeray's?

The truth is that this new Southern literature has not come into being spontaneously, but is a precarious growth, in part released and in part imprisoned by the conditions, the methods, and the laws which have obtained elsewhere. The parallelism between the Northern and the Southern school—if such they may be styled—is susceptible of extension. Thus, as the Northern writers have hitherto been unable to lay an all-comprehending grasp upon Northern American life, but have marked out little social fields to cultivate—quiet, refined corners in which to play—so the writers of the South have as yet never so much as touched the great passionate heart of Southern character. Will they ever be equipped to produce a single truly great novel of Southern life, until they either strike out new methods for themselves or take the scope and model of their art from other than the Northern novelist? For it is true that thus far the only figures that stand out clear for all time in Southern fiction are the creole, the mountaineer, and the negro, not one of which is a central, commanding, historic American type. Excepting these, all other forms in the vast drama of Southern society move as yet, but dimly outlined, like muffled figures in a mist. But what a tossing sea of forms that is! Never in the history of this country has there been a generation of writers who came into such an inheritance of material as has fallen to these younger writers of the South. Behind them, fading away in the distance, but still clear to the eye and most intelligible through its ruined picturesque landmarks, the vast landscape of the old régime. On its hither border, war; and on the hither side of war, peace again. In the first what gorgeous colorings; what groupings of figures and races; what scenes of caste, wealth, indolence, and pride; what phases of morals, manners, conduct, and faith; what pleasures and crimes and virtues and pursuits; what a whole world apart—that social world of the old South—unlike all that ever went before or can ever come again! In the second, what ruination and downfall; what struggles and passions, heroism and cowardice, love, parting, and death; poverty, sickness, and famine; hatred, humiliation, insult, and prostration! In the third, what wrongs and sufferings; what broken hearts and broken strength and broken fortunes; what forgiveness, reconciliation, growth, wealth, newmindedness, expanding sympathies, larger happiness, sweeter bread, clearer skies! Is there in all this material any element wanting that could enter into the groundwork of a new literature of the imagination, deep, serious, passionate and powerful?

Let it be supposed that the work already done is the beginning of such a literature. Let it be supposed that the Southern writer has adopted this material as the entire *content* of his art. Then one of the questions which relate to the cardinal principles of his art is settled. Two, however, remain. One of these is, To what *form* shall he wed this material? Presumably the answer is, To the form of the short story or of the novel. Then the third remains, By what *method* shall this material be applied? And it is this last particular that has again brought Southern literature within reach of Northern influence.

For the realistic method in American fiction was first applied at the North. There to-day are the most authoritative exemplars of its use, or its abuse, according as one may be pleased to think; and in the nature of things it would be idle to maintain that all imaginative prose writers in this country worth the name have not been affected one way or the other by their theories and the direct outcome of these in the form of realistic works. That the South has felt their influence is undeniable, for all the best new Southern work is realistic. But the singular fact is worth noting that it is not realistic in the sense of representative Northern realism. It is not cold; it is not analytical; it is not trivial. It has caught its methods from the North, but it has not adhered to the limitations which the North has imposed on them. In this circumstance alone lies the most hopeful augury of the new literature—of the literature yet to be. For while it is possible to assail this realist or that realist—this realistic work or that realistic work—it is impossible to assail realism as the cardinal principle in literary art which alone determines its relation of truth to human nature. Therefore, all that the new literature has to avoid, as to method, is the two methods that are essentially false—methods that have been the death principles of the old literatures. These are not the realistic and the romantic; for realism and romance stand at opposite poles of the imagination, never approach each other, never conflict, are always pure and separate. But they are the pseudo-realistic and the pseudo-romantic. An imaginative prose work that claims to

be true to human life, but is false to human life—that work is pseudo-realistic. An imaginative prose work that claims to be true simply to those laws of imaginative art that are involved in its creation, but is false in anywise to them—that work is pseudo-romantic.

Thus what realism should wage war on is not romance, but pseudo-realism, which is the base and counterfeit presentment of itself. Romance should assail pseudo-romance.

The South had pseudo-realistic writers of old. Their works had in them that principle of falsity, and are dead. Yet has it produced one writer of pure romance: his work lives and will live. If another Poe shall be born, it need not mind the Northern realists' outcry against romance. Until he does come, the South may well devote itself, so far as the prose literature of the imagination goes, to home material and the realistic method.

One further need of the new literature is Southern critics. Northern critics cannot judge Southern literature. They cannot judge its local color, its landscapes, its dialects, its types of character, its environment of circumstance, its play of passion, its sentiments, its phases of morals and of faith. Mr. Howells thinks Miss Murfree and Mr. Cable deal in romantic motives—that is, we presume, in pseudo-realistic motives. The proof of this would have been more instructive than the assertion. Most of all, it should be the work of the Southern critic, while fostering, encouraging, teaching, to urge patience, modesty, humility, independence, and the loftiest, vastest ideals that it is possible for the Southern writer to form through a study of the world's great works of fiction. If no living Southern critic can help him to these ends, let him go back to Poe, and take from his critical writings a certain standard of originality, contempt of mediocrity, and passion for beauty.

#### The Magazines.

*The Atlantic* is largely given over to the ladies, who have done some exceedingly good work. 'Count Tolstoi and the Public Censor' is an admirable paper by Isabel F. Hapgood, giving a clear, interesting, valuable summary of Tolstoi's peculiar beliefs and practices. Tolstoi is a thinker not always perfectly understood even by one who has read all his books. His intense desire for reform is something that other reformers cannot reconcile with his theories of non-resistance. He therefore needs an interpreter even more than the author who merely confuses us by his wordy length, and the writer in *The Atlantic* performs this service for him with a keen brain and sympathetic soul. 'The Decay of Sentiment' is by far the best of Agnes Repplier's recent essays, and is at once a humorous and intellectual treatment of the realistic theme. Miss Guiney contributes a pleasant paper on Portsmouth, and Patty B. Semple another pleasant one on 'An Old Kentucky Home.' The gentlemen would find it hard to rival these competitors in their own field, and very wisely confine themselves to pretty solid matter: 'Is the Railroad Problem Solved?' by W. A. Crafts, 'American Classics in School,' by H. E. Scudder, and 'The Alkestis of Euripides,' by Wm. Cranston Lawton. The instalment of Dr. Holmes's 'Hundred Days' is much the best yet: we have less of the round of social gayeties, and more of the inimitable feeling and fancy of incomparable comment on life and men.

An exceedingly flimsy sketch by Julia Magruder, called 'At Anchor,' is dignified with the title of 'A Novel' and fills seventy-five pages of *Lippincott's*. The material would be thin, even for the shortest of short stories, and to call it a 'novel' simply makes it ridiculous. It is a relief to turn from so much triviality to Amelie Rives's spirited story of 'The Farrier Lass o' Piping Peabworth.' The latter is a great improvement on the author's first story of 'A Brother to Dragons,' which may have been Elizabethan, but which was certainly dull. The 'Farrier Lass' is strong, vivid, and very entertaining, with quick movement, plenty of stirring incident, and humorous characters. Fred. Perry Powers attacks the methods of instruction and system of promotion at West Point. It is not easy to see why the newspaper records of the President's wooing and marriage should be crystallized into a magazine article by Mrs. Lillie, who in her 'Mistress of the White House' does not tell us anything that everybody did not know before, though a brief prelude on other mistresses of the august mansion leads up to the familiar topic of Mrs. Cleveland.

*The Magazine of American History* for June has, as frontispiece, a portrait of Major-Gen. Moncton, taken from an original in the collection of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet. The illustrated articles are 'Fredericksburg, First and Last,' by Moncure D. Conway, and 'A Historic Meeting-House,' by Hon. Isaac T. Smith. There is an article on Jean François Millet by Albert Wolff, and one on Canada in the Victorian Era, by John George Bourmot, LL.D. The present number finishes Vol. XVII. of the magazine, and a copious index and table of contents are given. The bound volume



of the magazine for January-June will be found to contain articles on many topics of lasting interest, among which may be mentioned The Baltimore Convention of 1860, the first Homestead Bill, the Battle of Fredericksburg, the White House and its memories, and an article by Lieut. Underwood on Master Charles F. Putnam, of the Rodgers Expedition. A word of praise must be given to the excellent printing of the illustrations in this volume, especially of the phototypes after nature in the articles on Fredericksburg and the White House.

### Notes

DR. PHILIP SCHAFF will spend July and August at Lake Mohunk. He will rest part of the time but he has too much work on hand to take a real vacation. He is especially engaged upon a history of the Reformation in two volumes which Charles Scribner's Sons will publish in the fall.

—Miss Harriet Waters Preston is just now in Siena, Italy, which stands so high up among the volcanic hills of Tuscany and gets such fresh breezes, that she hopes to be able to remain there until some time in July. Then she will wend her way northward, over the Simplon, perhaps, and across France to Brittany; with the Channel Islands and Dorsetshire and the Hardys in the distance for September. The carrying out of this pleasant plan depends somewhat, however, on the number of earthquakes occurring between now and autumn.

—Mr. John R. G. Hassard is spending the summer at his camp on Osgood Pond, near Paul Smith's, in the Adirondacks, where he continues his literary work for the *Tribune*.

—It is said that Mr. Rider Haggard is 'more anxious to be thought a great sportsman than a great writer of fiction.' We see no reason why Mr. Haggard should feel any anxiety on this subject.

—The long-promised 'Keats' in Mr. Morley's series, by Mr. Sidney Colvin (announced by Harper & Bro.), has been written, the *Athenaeum* understands, 'in considerable measure from MS. materials, and will contain, in addition to a number of minor facts relating to the poet and to his family, the correction in one or two important points of the received accounts of the order and date of composition of his poems. The volume differs from its predecessors in the same series inasmuch as it contains an appendix in which doubtful points are discussed and *pièces justificatives* printed in full.'

—Miss Anna Dickinson is slowly recovering from a severe illness. She is at Honesdale, Pa., where the church bells were not rung last Sunday for fear of disturbing the invalid.

—The Century Co. paid Messrs. Hay and Nicolay \$50,000 for the right to publish their Life of Lincoln in the *Magazine*.

—'Young ladies who are "sharpening their pens" with a view to novel-writing,' says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, 'are likely to be "plunged in a deep veneer of sadness" (as one of their sisterhood lately put it) by the report of a case in the Westminster county court. It appears that Lady Constance Howard, daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea, has written three novels—"Mated with a Clown," "Mollie Darling," and "Only a Village Maiden"—and, by her own confession, has made only 20*l.* out of them, or something less than forty-five shillings a volume. The very titles, one would imagine, should be worth more than that. "Mated with a Clown" is good, and "Mollie Darling" is an inspiration Miss Broughton might envy. When a titled novelist with such attractively titled novels cannot earn as much as 7*l.* for three volumes, what chance is there for the Misses Brown, Jones, and Robinson?'

—Sinclair Tousey, founder and President of the American News Co., died at his home in this city on the 16th inst. Mr. Tousey was born in New Haven in 1815, and began his business career here, as a distributor of newspapers and periodicals, in 1853. He amassed a large fortune.

—The almost simultaneous deaths last week of two such eminent theologians as Dr. Mark Hopkins and Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock is a noteworthy coincidence. The former was much the older man, being in his seventieth year when he resigned the Presidency of Williams College in 1872, while Dr. Hitchcock still lacked two months of three score years and ten. Dr. Hopkins was a physician as well as a clergyman—a combination less uncommon in New England in the Eighteenth Century than at the present day; but his life-work was that of an educator and theologian. He was a grandson of Col. Mark Hopkins, whose wife was a half-sister of Ephraim Williams, the founder of Williams College. Dr. Hopkins entered the Sophomore Class in 1821, and after graduating served as tutor or professor more or less uninterruptedly till 1836, when he was elected President. This office he administered

with distinguished ability and success for thirty-six years. Since his resignation, fifteen years ago, he had taken an active part in all college affairs, lecturing on ethics, metaphysics and rhetoric, preaching, and delivering Commencement and anniversary addresses. For the past twenty years he had been President of the Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions. He was the author of three volumes of lectures which have been adopted as text books in Williams and other colleges, and translated into other languages. They treat of 'The Evidences of Christianity,' 'Moral Science' and 'The Nature of Man.'

—Dr. Hitchcock was a native of Maine, and a graduate of Amherst College and Andover Seminary. He also studied in Germany. Like Dr. Hopkins he was identified with educational work throughout his whole life. He was called to the Professorship of Church History in Union Theological Seminary in 1855, and in 1880 he became its President. He qualified himself for the better discharge of his college duties by visits to Biblical lands, and in 1871 was elected to the Presidency of the American Palestine Exploration Society. As President of the Seminary he strengthened its faculty, and put the institution on a stronger financial basis than it had ever rested upon before. It was during his administration that its present handsome buildings in Park Avenue were erected and occupied. Besides contributing largely to the religious periodical press, he published a 'Life of Edward Robinson' (1863), a 'Complete Analysis of the Bible' (1869), 'Socialism' (1878), with Drs. Eddy and Schaff 'Hymns and Songs of Praise' and 'Hymns and Songs for Social and Sabbath Worship,' with Prof. Francis Brown an edition of 'The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles,' and in 1881 a New Testament, giving the American Revisers' preferences in the text and those of the English Committee in an appendix. He published also numerous orations, addresses and sermons.

—Frederick H. Rindge, son of Samuel H. Rindge, who removed with his father from Cambridge, Mass., to California, a few years ago, has responded to a letter from Mayor Russell, of Cambridge, asking in the name of the Cambridge Club for a subscription to a new public library for that city, by giving a site and a building to be erected at an expense of between \$70,000 and \$80,000, making the value of the gift, according to the *Boston Post*, at least \$125,000. The site is bounded by Broadway, Cambridge, Trowbridge, and Irving streets—a whole square, 225 by 600 feet. The library at present comprises about 20,000 volumes.

—Scribner & Welford will issue at once 'The Memoirs of the Margravine of Baireuth,' translated and edited by H. R. H. the Princess Christian. The Margravine was the sister of Frederick the Great, and her diary is said to be 'a wonderful narrative of the petty intrigues and gossip of the German Court.'

—From Mr. Browning's own copy of 'Pauline: A Fragment of a Confession,' his first book, Mr. Thomas J. Wise of London has reprinted 400 copies in fac-simile. The original, printed at the poet's own expense, is exceedingly scarce, and costs almost as much per copy, it is said, as the whole edition cost the poet-publisher, who issued it at the age of twenty or twenty-one.

—There are more than two million books in the British Museum, and to accommodate the growing mass the Trustees favor the introduction of movable presses.

—Mr. Stanford White, who designed the covers of *The Century* and *Scribner's Magazine*, has made one for *The Cosmopolitan*, which has just removed to this city. The Schlicht & Field Co., its publishers, say they paid \$500 for it. Among the contributors to the July number of the magazine are G. P. Lathrop, E. P. Roe, Joel Benton, Mrs. Moulton and Prof. Proctor.

—Zupitza's 'Elene,' edited, by permission of Prof. Zupitza, by Prof. Henry Johnson of Bowdoin, will be published this summer in Ginn & Co's. Library of Anglo-Saxon Poetry.

—A concordance of Dr. Johnson's sayings and a very elaborate index are promised features of the forthcoming illustrated Clarendon Press Edition of Boswell's Johnson, which the author of 'Dr. Johnson: His Friends and His Critics' has been at work upon for many years. The editor has had access to numerous unpublished letters of Johnson's.

—Her Majesty has accepted the dedication of Macmillan & Co.'s Victoria Edition of Shakspeare.

—Mr. John S. Lockwood of the late firm of Lockwood, Brooks & Co., publishers, has opened an office in Boston for the purchase on commission of public and private library supplies.

—An allusion in THE CRITIC (page 295) to the omissions in Rawlinson's 'Egypt' (written with the collaboration of Mr. Arthur Gilman), causes a correspondent to say of that volume in the Story of the Nations Series:—'The omissions relating to recent discoveries, particularly those of the Egypt Exploration Fund, may find

some explanation in a quotation from *The Academy* of Aug. 6, 1881, in which the large work of Rawlinson was reviewed at length, with these concluding words:

'To go on multiplying instances of this kind would be a useless and an ungrateful office. Canon Rawlinson is a distinguished Greek scholar, with an almost encyclopedic knowledge of ancient Greek literature; but the time is past when Greek scholarship was a sufficient qualification for the task he has undertaken. He who aspires to write a really exhaustive and satisfactory History of Ancient Egypt from existing materials, must read *everything* which home and foreign scholars contribute, year by year, to the literature of the subject. It is no light task to glean the journals of innumerable learned societies, to sift the catalogues of public and private museums, to extract the pith from every fugitive pamphlet and every ponderous quarto, in whatever language it may be written, and however difficult it may be to procure; but there is no other way.

'There was then no Egypt Exploration Fund; but if to the foregoing we now add before the closing words, 'and to keep thoroughly informed of the results of the latest researches and explorations,' we shall cover the *sine qua non*. The omissions in Rawlinson are made good in Bishop Walsh's 'Echoes of Bible History,' a capital companion to Robinson's 'Pharaohs of the Bondage and the Exodus.' The American collaborator of 'The Story of Ancient Egypt' will find these books, the Fund Memoirs, and such articles as those in the October *Harper's* and the May *Century*, excellent reminders of how much a knowledge of research and exploration is required in order to tell the whole story of that ancient civilization, so far as it has been revealed.'

—Sir John Dawson lately revised his work entitled 'The Story of the Earth and Man,' introducing into the text corrections and additions which had been rendered necessary by the progress of discovery, and inserting notes with reference to other new points. The general statements and conclusions, however, remain the same as in the original edition. The book will be published immediately by Harper & Brothers.

—Ginn & Co. will have ready in July a 'Practical Rhetoric' by Prof. John F. Genung, of Amherst College.

—The Faculty of Political Science of Columbia College, with the co-operation of Professor Theodore W. Dwight, Warden of the Columbia College Law School, have in preparation and intend to publish a series of systematic works covering the entire field of political science proper and of the allied sciences of public law and economics. The method of treatment will be historical, comparative and statistical; and it will be the aim of the writers to present the latest results of institutional development and of scientific thought in Europe and America. Each book will, of course, express the views of its author; but each book will be submitted by the author to his associates for criticism and suggestions. Each volume will be indexed by subjects and authors, and the last volume will contain a topical index to the entire series. The series will consist of the following nine volumes: 'History of Political Theories,' by Archibald Alexander; 'Comparative Constitutional Law and Politics,' by John W. Burgess; 'Comparative Constitutional Law of the American Commonwealths,' by Frederick W. Whitridge; 'Historical and Practical Political Economy,' by Richmond M. Smith; 'Historical and Comparative Science of Finance,' by Edwin R. A. Seligman; 'Comparative Administrative Law and Science,' by Frank J. Goodnow; 'International Law,' by Theodore W. Dwight; 'Historical and Comparative Jurisprudence,' by Munroe Smith; and 'Literature of Political Science,' by George H. Baker. The first of these volumes will be published in December, 1887. The entire series will probably be completed within the four following years—that is, before the close of the year 1891.

### The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

#### QUESTIONS.

No. 1267.—Can any one give me the address of Mr. W. F. Stone, which used to be Jersey City Heights?

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

S. M. G.

No. 1268.—By whom were the verses entitled 'A Sewing-Girl's Diary' written, and where were they published?

NEW YORK.

S. H. C.

No. 1269.—I bought a lot of portraits one day, and find among them one of 'Rebecca Rawson, born in Boston, 1656, died at Port Royal, Jamaica, 1692,' but cannot find her in any book in my library, and so have to ask who she was and what she did in her lifetime to earn a right to be set forth in this pretty etching, price ten cents.

NEW YORK.

R. C.

No. 1270.—I should like to know where I can find 'Lays and Bal-lads,' by S. M. (Edward Lumley, printer).

MEDFIELD, MASS.

H. W. A.

No. 1271.—Can you inform me if there has been published an English translation of Condercet's 'Life of Turgot,' and if so, by whom?

DENVER, COL.

W. I. J.

No. 1272.—Please inform me who divided the Holy Bible into chapters and verses; and when and where it was done.

COLUMBIA, TENN.

W. A. S.

[The present division of our Bible into chapters dates from the Thirteenth Century. There are two claimants for the honor: Hugo of St. Cher, France, who was made a Cardinal in 1245 and died at Orvieto, Italy, in 1263; and Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1227. It is impossible to decide certainly between these two. The divisions were first made in the Latin Vulgate, and transferred within a century or two to the original Hebrew and Greek texts. They appeared in the printed Bibles from the first. The verse-divisions of the Old Testament were made much earlier, by Jewish scholars, in the Hebrew text. The points dividing the verses in Hebrew are certainly as old as 800 or 900 A.D., and the divisions themselves were known (transmitted orally or indicated by spacing) several centuries before that. The verses in Hebrew Bibles were not numbered, in the present fashion, until the Seventeenth Century. The present verse-divisions of the New Testament were made by Robert Stevens (Stephanus, Estienne), and first appeared in the fourth edition of his New Testament in Greek, Geneva, 1551. He issued a text of the Vulgate (O. T. and N. T.) with verse-divisions, in 1555-58, and thus they passed into all the versions. In the English Bible the verse-divisions first appeared as we now have them in the Geneva New Testament (1557), and the Geneva Bible (1560).]

No. 1273.—Who wrote the line, 'The rank grass waves o'er the crushed and mouldering skeleton'? Was it G. D. Prentice, in his 'Closing Year,' or Byron, or some other poet? I can't find it.

WEBSTER CITY, IOWA.

C. A.

### Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work depends upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Alexander, Mrs. Forging the Fetters. \$1.00.....	Henry Holt & Co.
Alexander, S. B. Ten of Us.....	Boston: Macdonald & Co.
A Lost Reputation. 25c.....	Harper & Bros.
Bigelow, J. The Complete Works of Benjamin Franklin. Vol. 3. P. Putnam's Sons.	
Butler, W. M. The Effect of the War of 1812. Upon the Consolidation of Union. 25c.....	Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University.
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Carrington, H. B. The Obelisk and its Voices. 30c.....	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Daryl, P. A. Londres.....	Paris: J. Hetzel & Co.
Emory, A. M. Told at Tuxedo. \$1.00.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Genoue, H. Bellona's Husband. \$1.00.....	Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Genung, J. F. The Study of Rhetoric.....	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
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Isham, Charles. The Fishery Question. 75c.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Ludlow, J. M. The Captain of the Janizaries.....	Funk & Wagnalls.
Miller, J. B. Trade Organizations in Politics. \$1.25.....	
Miller, J. B. Progress and Robbery. 25c.....	The Baker & Taylor Co.
Mann, H. A few Thoughts for a Young Man. 50c.....	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
May, S. Drones' Honey. \$1.50.....	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
O'Neil, C. The American Electoral System. \$1.50.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Preston, D. S. Columbus. \$1.25.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Seybert, H. The Seybert Commission on Spiritualism. \$1.00.....	Phila.: J. P. Lippincott Co.
Shakespeare, Wm. Julius Caesar. 10c.....	Cassell & Co.
Sarasvati, P. R. The High-Caste Hindu Woman. \$1.25.....	Philadelphia: P. Ramabai.
Townsend, F. The Poems of Giacomo Leopardi. \$1.25.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Towne, E. C. Electricity and Life.....	Cambridge: Charles W. Sever.
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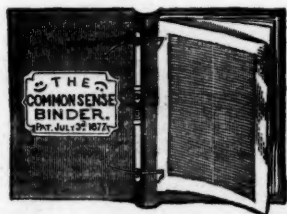
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